

The Saturday Review

AN ALBERTAN WEEKLY REVIEW

VOL. V.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1910.

No. 36.

Note and Comment

BED-TIME

These are her shoes—slim, white and tossed aside—
A little buckle like a silver way
Crossing each so, and satin all agleam
Like the pale sunset of a winter day.

And these her stockings—fine as dew on flowers.
Oh! happy things still warm as though her touch
Had made you live to worship at her feet—
So pink and soft—dear feet I love so much.

And this? The soul of lace—the ghost of silk,
A heaven of embroidered things and lawn;
As slender as the opal mists of May
Across the bosom of a fairy dawn.

How could you leave her? Softly step away
From her fine body like a marble shrine,
To pile the downy monument to her
Who is forever so completely mine.

And this—'tis she herself flushed from her bath,
Soft, pink, and powdered—loosened hair of gold.
Oh! seek my arms and leave me not again,
My kiddy daughter only two years old!

Have you ever noticed how often a man and his dog have a certain resemblance? Tall, lean man,—greyhound. Stocky fellow, red face—bull dog, and so on. But could you ever imagine that you could tell a person by the manner of house he lives in?

Read the following little exposition of the matter from the Denver Post, and you will understand all about it:

A man who likes jewelry and wears much of it always lives in a house that's mostly gingerbread—cupolas, bay windows, fancy panes of glass, and fluted roof. His wife wears diamond earrings, and fancy collars, and much lace. His children have dresses of more than three colors, and they always wear two-yard bows on their braids.

A square looking house, with plain curtains, one pair at a window, and no fussings, always has within it plain, substantial people, painfully neat and scrupulously honest.

A little house with a big porch means that the inhabitants are hospitable, good-natured, and always have more company than they have room to accommodate.

When you see a tiny house and a big garden, you know the people living there are healthy, rosy-cheeked, and happy. Lean, hungry-looking folks don't go with big yards, little houses, and a well-kept lawn.

A mansion effect in stone, with elegance oozing out at the windows between exquisite lace curtains, means that the people who live there aren't at home more than a few minutes per annum. They are most likely pale inhabitants, who drink more than they eat, or else wear too much to be comfortable.

Big houses that have a lived-in look always have a good, substantial lot of people within, who wear sensible clothes, entertain their friends rather than everybody who "belongs," and who find their pleasure among their own people.

Little tumbled-down houses, with pathetic curtains dragging at the windows, and rickety old pieces of wagons and harness and scraps of wood in the backyard, mean that if you've got a quarter to spare you might drop in and see what you can do for them. There's probably somebody ill inside without even a few comforts of life.

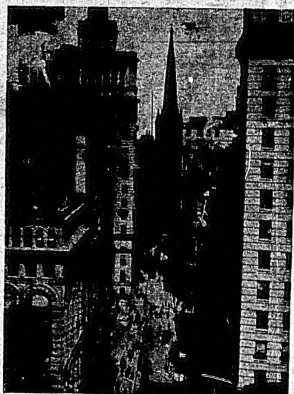
There died during the past week in Italy a man who was known widely as the "Expert in Love." Paul Mantegazza was his name, and he was a famous anthropologist. He died at the age of seventy-nine years, and in many respects he was a wonderful man.

He was president of the Italian Anthropological society, and wrote more than twenty books upon the subject of love. His researches led him into the life of practically every civilized and savage people in the known world, and he was familiar with the lives, customs and traditions of more of the inhabitants of the out of the way places of the globe than was perhaps any other scholar of his day.

His stronghold of science was in Florence, where he had his celebrated museum of human passions.



SARAH BERNHARDT
A recent photograph of the great French Actress who is now devoting a great deal of her attention to sculpture.

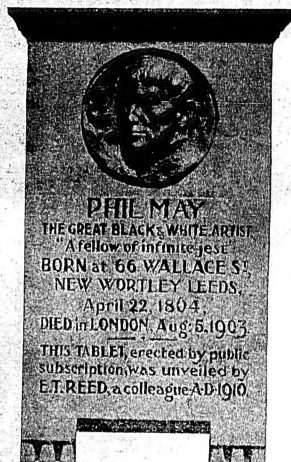


WALL STREET AND OLD TRINITY, NEW YORK

The Vestry of Old Trinity, standing at the head of Wall Street, New York City, have authorized an addition to this historic church building. It will be in the form of a small chapel, to be known as the Dix Memorial Chapel. The late Doctor Morgan Dix was rector of Trinity for nearly half a century.

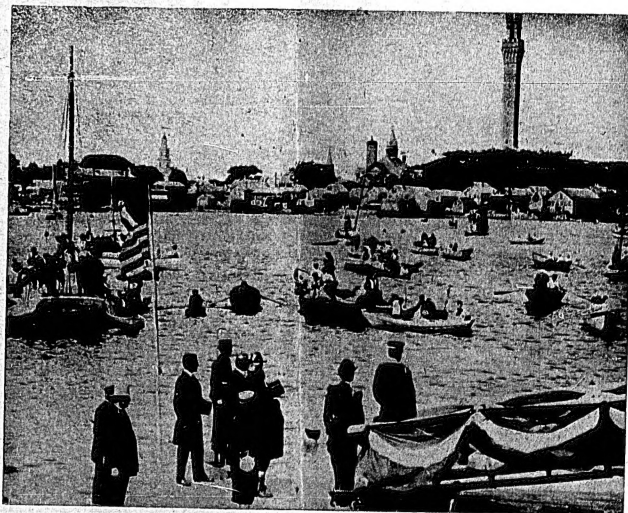


THE LEANING TOWER OF PISA
Said to be in Danger of Falling.



MEMORIAL TO PHIL MAY

To those who know the work of the late Mr. Phil May, it is a matter of special satisfaction to note the memorial to him which has just been unveiled at Leeds, England, by a brother artist, Mr. E. T. Reed, of Funch. The memorial tablet here reproduced is placed on the house in which Phil May was born in Leeds.



DEDICATION OF THE MAYFLOW MONUMENT
View of Princetown, Mass., showing the monument on the hill, and the scene on the waterfront, when President Taft arrived for the dedication of this memorial to the passengers of the Mayflower

This museum consists of several large buildings, grouped together, and for many years has been a favorite visiting spot of the leading authors and scientists of Europe. In the museum are figures displaying in their completest form the virtues and vices of humanity, its beauties, and its deformities.

"You may justly say that love is the inspiration of my life," Mantegazza said in an interview a short time before his death. "It is not strange that this should be so, for love is in one way or another the inspiration of all Italy. Our people love more and they love better than do the inhabitants of any other part of the world, for this country of ours is the land of the beautiful and of art.

"But my aim here is to collect all the evidence that I can concerning the passions of humanity, their manifestations in love, religion, vanity, cruelty, in the peculiarities of genius and of normality as well as of idiocy and delinquency."

One of the finest collections in Mantegazza's possession was one comprised of skulls gathered from all parts of the earth. These the anthropologist had classified carefully and studied deeply, and it was as a result of this study that he arrived at many of his scientific conclusions.

One hears a great deal these days of the immigration regulations. The restrictions are too severe, say those outside the barriers, while most of us within contend they are not. But the human side of the question, the actual treatment of even those who are allowed to enter our country, is of far more interest.

A young Scotchman recently came to Canada third class. He tells his experiences in a recent edition of the Toronto Star Weekly. Here are a few little incidents.

Imagine some seven or eight hundred passengers being landed at two o'clock, herded into a kind of paddock, where they have to wait until their turn, first, to get into the covered shed, and then to get passed on to the doctor and the government official, and finally to the ticket box. Goodness only knows how long they will require to wait on a train.

In our case it was close upon eleven o'clock before we got into our carriage, and after endless shunting, we got away from Quebec about one o'clock in the morning, after having hung about on our feet on a stifling hot day for nearly twelve hours. What condition can women and children be in after such a grueling? Surely something could be done to prevent some of this unnecessary suffering. First and second-class passengers are not treated so. A train is awaiting them, and they pass through without trouble or hindrance. But for the others—well—they are only colonists! and must just take what they get. And they did take it, and took it very quietly, too—without a murmur except amongst themselves.

But surely there is something wrong here, that emigrants should be treated no better than cattle.

Are they not wanted?

Are they not welcomed?

Is not the whole continent, from east to west,

craving for labor?

Why, then, not treat the laborer with respect and civility? Is it not he more than anyone else upon whom the future greatness and prosperity of Canada depends? Why be democratic in theory and snobbish and heartless in action? Depend upon it, the nation, like the man, which shows no reverence for the individual, but which regards him solely as a means to an end, can never be truly great, for where that spirit predominates great men cannot be reared.

Nor can the excuse be advanced that under the circumstances such treatment is unavoidable. That was the fourth medical examination these people had undergone. Why leave everything indefinite till a man reaches this side? Why let him go to such expenditure of money and time, only to send him back, why all this dreary farce and miserable parade?

Could it not be done at the port of embarkation, before a man leaves home, or during the voyage, and so free many an emigrant from anxious suspense with which he is haunted during these seven days?

Many a man had not twenty-five dollars in his pocket, and yet not one was turned back. Is it not possible to devise some improvement in the procedure, so that the emigrant may not feel as though he were a pariah and an outcast, but rather that he is welcome to this great country?

Although it is absolutely necessary to keep undesirable out of our country, surely something could be done to make the newcomer feel a little more welcome and at home?

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HOME AND SOCIETY

After a strenuous week of "exhibitioning," social life is resting. Schools have opened and those with families have been busy sending off the boys and girls to their respective schools with piles of scribbles, pencils and other accessories for the pursuit of knowledge.

Those who have been away for the holiday season have been returning during the past fortnight. Among the latest returning are: Mr. and Mrs. T. Turnbull and family and Mrs. Crawford from a very pleasant stay at Oak Bay, Victoria.

Mrs. F. B. Smith from her cottage at Banff.
Mrs. A. E. May and family from Gull Lake.

Mrs. J. K. Cornwall from Vancouver.
Mr. and Mrs. George O'Connor, also from Vancouver.

Mrs. H. C. Wilson, Miss Wilson and Miss Marjorie Wilson leave today for Toronto, where they will spend the winter.

Miss Geach, who is staying at Updown, will reopen her school on Monday. The new kindergarten department will open immediately and the special teacher whom Miss Geach has obtained from Ottawa arrives today.

Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Tighe have moved from the cottage on Victoria avenue, where they have resided for some time past to a suite in the Maclean Block, which is now fully occupied for the coming winter.

This week end is being taken up with tournaments. The Tennis Club today is in full swing with a tournament and from the lengthy list of entries and the skill of those competing should provide plenty of excitement. The Golf Club's annual tournament opened on Thursday with the first round for the Mackay Cup for the ladies championship. On Friday and Saturday various other competitions have, and are, being played and on Monday the finals will be played off. There will be lunch at the Golf Club house each day for members and competitors. Several Calgary players have come up for the open matches, among others being Messrs. Forbes Wilson, Dacre, Sawyer and Haig.

W. Norman, F. R. Soars, brother of Mr. Soars of Fifteenth street, Dominion land surveyor, and a member of the firm of Messrs. Nash & Soars, accountants, of this city, was married at St. George's Church, Banff, to Margaret Elliot Macfarlane, daughter of the late Dr. John Macfarlane, of Port Robinson, Ont., on the 29th of August.

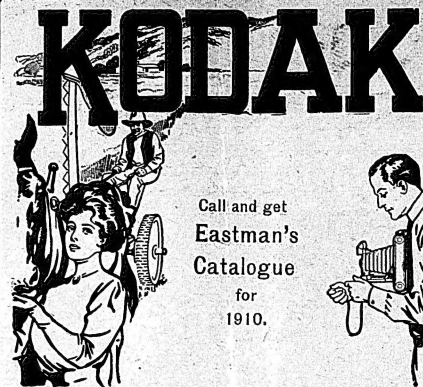
We would call the attention of our readers to a very amusing play, "Mrs. Goring's Necklace," which the Edmonton Amateur Dramatic Club will produce at the Empire Theatre on Friday, September 9th, and Saturday, September 10th.

The cast is as follows:
Capt. Mowbray A. E. Nash
Capt. Jardine S. Ray Farquharson
Lieut. David Cavin D. L. Robinson
Mr. Jernigan W. J. Maxwell
Charles Dick Jefferson
Mrs. Jardine Miss Seymour
Isabel Miss Potter
Vickey Miss McKenny
Miss Potts Miss Ross
Mrs. Goring Miss Mackie
The club has the reputation of doing things in right good style, and we are looking forward to this play, as we understand it is going to eclipse all others. The cast is certainly a strong one, and although there are some new aspirants to the world of fame, we hear that the parts are well in hand.

A late member of the staff of the Saturday News, Miss Florence Urquhart, was married on the 31st August at All Saints Church in this city, to Mr. Chester S. Kemp, son of Mr. Kemp of Seventh street. Mr. and Mrs. Chester Kemp will reside at Edmonton, the first Grand Trunk Pacific divisional point west of Edmonton.

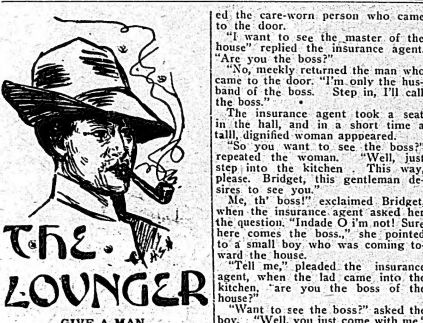
The annual tournament of the Edmonton Golf Club commenced on Thursday afternoon, and by this time will be in full swing. The Provincial Tournament will be held at Calgary later in this month. On Monday, Sept. 9th, the various finals will be played off, and the programme for that date is as follows:
9.30 a.m.—Mackay Cup final (for the ladies championship, open to all ladies of any golf club in Alberta).
10 a.m.—Open Handicap, for cup presented by the Edmonton Brewery Company.

2 p.m.—Mixed Foursomes.
4 p.m.—Mixed Foursomes.
Also Putting Competitions.



KODAK

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**Eastman's
Catalogue**
for
1910.



**THE
LOUNGER**

GIVE A MAN.

Give a man a horse he can ride.
Give a man a boat he can sail;
And his rank, and his wealth, his
strength and health,
On sea nor shore shall fail.

Give a man a pipe he can smoke.
Give a man a book he can read;
And his home is bright with calm
delight,
Though the room be poor indeed.

Give a man a girl he can love.
As I, O my Lord, love thee;
And his heart is great with the pulse
of Fate,
At home, on land, on sea.

JAMES THOMSON
Some are born rich, some are born lucky, the rest have to work hard to get a horse or a boat or a pipe, and then harder to support the wife. Now that the City Assessor warns us that in 15 days he will issue the slips showing what we owe in the shape of taxes I long for a residence where such things are unknown. There is such a kingdom in existence, and under the British flag. The story of its existence is long and romantic, but briefly is as follows:
About 1800 John Clunies Ross escaped from the press-gang, found shelter with Samuel Dymoke, married his daughter, and they sailed for Southern Seas, settled in the Cocos Keeling Islands in the Indian Ocean. And in due course Ross became the chief man and king. He died, and was succeeded by his son, John George Clunies Ross, under whose reign the islands were proclaimed British territory in 1857. He was succeeded by his son, George Clunies Ross, who built in 1884 a schooner of 178 tons, sailed her half round the world, and brought seven of his children to England to be educated. George Clunies Ross, while visiting England, made an agreement with the British Government, dated the 7th day of June, 1886, by which the Government could resume possession of the islands or any portion if required for public purposes on payment of compensation. The islands are practically, though a British possession, private property, and according to the agreement of 1886, and according to the personal estate in England of the value of over one million dollars. The islands and the title of "King" he left to his son, George Sidney Clunies Ross. The islands are a veritable Utopia there are no rents, no taxes, no military, no police, and crime is unknown. The fact of the late owner leaving so much money shows that trade is good. Long live King John Ross!

The fond mother disapproved of her daughter marrying, especially as the young lady had picked the young man out herself. And the mother was widowed.
"I might not object to him so much," she said one evening, "if you would only let me see him. But here is a man whom I have never set eyes on, and yet one whom you insist on taking for a husband. I don't understand such behaviour!"
"I'm afraid, mamma, dear," replied the girl, "that if I introduced him you would insist on marrying him yourself."

Two Jews were trying to drive a bargain, and in order to get better terms one reminded the other of little favors he had shown him.
"Didn't I once ask you to dinner?" said Ixay, as a clincher.
"Yes," said the other, hastily; "and didn't, come!"

The insurance man climbed the steps and rang the bell.
"Whom do you wish to see?" asked the care-worn person who came to the door.
"I want to see the master of the house," replied the insurance agent.
"Are you the boss?"
"No, merely returned the man who came to the door. "I'm only the husband of the boss. Step in, I'll call the boss."

The insurance agent took a seat in the hall, and in a short time a tall, dignified woman appeared.
"So you want to see the boss?" repeated the woman. "Well, just step into the kitchen. This way, please. Bridget, this gentleman desires to see you."

"Me, th' boss!" exclaimed Bridget, when the insurance agent asked her the question. "Indeed O I'm not! Sure here comes the boss," she pointed to a small boy who was coming toward the house.

"Tell me," pleaded the insurance agent, when the lad came into the kitchen, "are you the boss of the house?"

"Well, you just come with me," Wearily the insurance agent climbed up the stairs.
"That's the real boss of the house."

STARLAND.
Among the numerous splendid films which have been shown at this popular theatre during the last week, are several deserving special mention. One of these was a stirring incident from the Boer War entitled, "The Girl Scout." It depicted all the hardships and excitement of war-time, with an accuracy distinctive of the Edison Co. Throughout the tale and confusion of battle there lies an under-current of drama and pathos which lends another enchantment to an already fascinating film. "The Trusted Trail" was a beautiful story of fate among the mountains, presented as only the Biograph Co. can stage a picture. In scenic glory and intense drama it excels all its predecessors, and likely will not be equalled for a long time to come. The dramatization of the life of a famous explorer, popular, and "The Little Girl Don't Cry" was a subject of manly possibilities. The characters were shrewd and very natural, giving a true idea of the girl's sad life lesson. "A Piece of Lace" was a film which will long be remembered for its deep pathos and exceptional acting. A splendid programme is always insured at this bright house of amusement.

**A SAFE THAT HAS
STOOD THE TEST**
Sales, good safes, are something that interest all business men. The Morris Safe and Lock Company, who are general agents for "The Hall's Safe Company," of Cincinnati, Ohio, are handling a safe of which they are justly proud. Although they did not have an exhibit at the local exhibition, they have something which is of far more value to the man who is interested in safes than any mere exhibit. They have proofs of the actual worth of the Hall's safe. These proofs come from Nelson, B.C., where one of their safes stood the extreme test of fire very successfully.

The following letters speak for themselves. They were sent to Mr. Percy Hall Johnston, the Calgary agent for the firm.

Percy H. Johnston, Esq.,
Nelson Safe & Lock Co.,
(General Agents, The Halls Safe Co., Cincinnati, Ohio),
Calgary, Alta.

Dear Sir:
At the request of your representative Mr. R. F. Stevens, who asked me to write you in regard to the recent fire of July 5th, which totally destroyed the Kreyseher Shingle Mill, and the Kootenay Engineering Works, Ltd., also a number of other houses. The fire was one of the worst and hottest Nelson ever had, destroying property worth \$31,000. There is no building in Nelson that could burn and be any hotter than that of the Kootenay Engineering Works, in which stood one of your No. 345 thin wall, double door, Hall's Safe. The heat was so intense that it was not approachable nearer than thirty yards, lasting about two hours. The water thrown towards it, with

Harvest Time

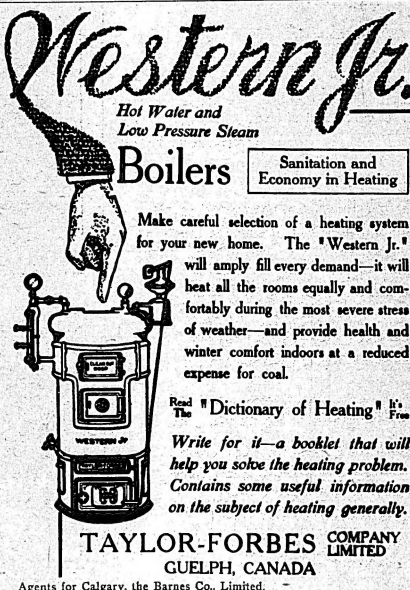
offers the Kodak many a good chance for using his camera.
The good crops, the mower, the binder, the thrasher's stook, etc., all make very pretty and interesting photos.

Get some snaps of our good crops this year and send to your friends in the east. No one can dispute the truth as told by a KODAK.

If you haven't a Kodak, come in and examine our stock and see how simple it is to operate on one. Prices range from \$1.00 up.

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Write for it—a booklet that will help you solve the heating problem. Contains some useful information on the subject of heating generally.

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Agents for Calgary, the Barnes Co., Limited.

130 pounds pressure per square inch, turned into steam and floated away on the breeze before reaching the burning flames. The dial was burned off, the bands twisted and the safe was badly warped from the intense heat, but it did the work it was built to do, for when opened by the manager of the Imperial Bank, Mr. J. M. Lay, the contents were in good order, which could hardly be expected of any safe.

I would gladly recommend the Hall safe as to its fireproof qualities. Yours respectfully,
J. GUTHRIE,
Chief Nelson Fire Department,
Nelson, B.C.

Percy H. Johnston, Esq.,
Nelson Safe & Lock Co.,
(General Agents, The Halls Safe Co., Cincinnati, Ohio).

Dear Sir:
(Kreyseher Shingle Mill Fire at Nelson, July 5, 1910)

I am in receipt of your favor dated July 5th, and in compliance with request therein beg to inform you, that I have visited the scene of fire mentioned above and made a thorough examination of the Halls Safe, which came through this fire. With pleasure I am able to inform you that the safe has apparently suffered no damage whatever. Interior is in perfect condition. Understand contents when removed showed no signs of damage. Am informed that this was an exceptionally hot fire, and it must be gratifying to learn that your safe stood the test so well.

J. A. McVICAR,
Trav. Auditor,
C. P. R.
Percy H. Johnston, Esq.,
Nelson Safe & Lock Co.,
(General Agents, The Halls Safe Co., Cincinnati, Ohio),
Calgary, Alta.

Dear Sir:
This is to certify that the Halls Safe of the Kootenay Engineering Works, Ltd., during the recent fire, July 5th, after being opened, the contents were found to be in good order. I understand the number of safe was No. 345 thin wall. Being a very fierce fire your safe showed up very well.

Yours truly,
J. M. LAY,
Mgr. Imperial Bank,
Nelson, B.C.

Are you thinking of Purchasing a DIAMOND?

If so it would be worth your while to have a look over our stock. We have Diamond Rings from \$50.00 to \$500.00. Also we have a very fine line of diamond set Brooches, which would be very suitable for a bridal gift.

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SAVED FROM THE KNEE

Appendicitis Cured By "Fruit-a-tives"

NEWBURY, ONT., Feb. 12th, 1910.

'Just about a year ago, our daughter Ella (fourteen years), was taken with terrible pains in the right side. The pain was so severe that she had to carry her to bed. We at once put her under the care of a first-class doctor, who pronounced it a case of Appendicitis and advised an operation.

We took her to a hospital in Kingston where she was again examined by an eminent specialist. He said she had Appendicitis and must be operated on at once if we wanted to save her life. As we had taken her to Kingston to have this done, we were ready, but our daughter was afraid and begged the doctor to postpone the operation.

For an hour and more I have been an amused listener to several conversations mainly about ourselves—that is, Edmonton—its people, and last, but not least, the Fair.

I am in a G. T. P. Pullman car bound for Winnipeg, and most of my fellow-travellers are citizens of neighboring villages along the line.

There is a man who has imbibed not wisely, but too well. He explains, very emphatically, however, that he is "very ill," and that his wife takes the same "spells."

Good word that, covering any amount of ground!

Then there is the Wainwright Baby and her mother, and a friend; two other Wainwright farmers' ladies; and a nice fat baby three tin-penny voiced girls from some way-side burg.

While there are not many of us, some of us are great chatters. The Wainwright lady opposite me thought the Exhibition was "love-ly." They didn't know as they could remember a better.

They were disappointed though, that their grain exhibit never was taken off the car—was just left open on a siding—because it really was the finest shown by all odds, and a good deal more to that effect.

The stock and cattle though were splendid, they thought, and "as for the grounds and buildings—well, they alone were worth going a good many miles to see."

The girls with the off-color gramophone voices thought Edmonton was a nice little "town," and the Exhibition "very fair" for such a little place.

Of course, it was nothing to what they'd seen, and they did get a little tired of it—well, you know, it would be with cosmopolitans from Irma.

The girl who does most of the solo work in the dialogue, wears a skimpy little "brazen" silk dress, her hair in an awful mop, garnished with numerous diamond combs, and a large number of necklaces. At dinner she was quite put to it to select anything worth eating, while I, being from Edmonton, found a delicious young broiler quite to my taste.

I think it is rather a good scheme for me to get away from town occasionally, for I can readily see I'll never be "reckoned" smart if I keep on being so easily satisfied.

The "Wainwright Baby" is quite a personage, and answers to the name of "Wainwright," a long and awkward title for a pretty wee girl, but as she was the first baby born in the town her fond parents, who keep the hotel at that place, decided that she must be called after it. Mr. Wainwright, not to do outdone in gallantry, has presented the young beauty with a handsome silver mug, and fifty years hence, doubtless, this naïveté in Western or will be displaying the cup with tremendous pride, and explaining to her grand-children what puer meaning fell like in the early days in the West.

The country along the G. T. P., through which we are passing, is a wonderfully beautiful one; long rolling hills, broken by winding streams and thickets of green. The makings of many magnificent farms in the future. There is something singularly solemn and awful about this great waiting land, practically untenanted; her virgin soil as it was when the good God created it. Something of the mystery and wonderment that clusters around a human birth, clings to "these boundless gardens of the desert, these unshorn fields, for which the speech of England has no name."

A little bit back I watched an old man with three oxen hitched to his plough, turning the furrows of a fire-gard. The dogged patience and faith of him, a mere human alone in the midst of such immensity!

I wonder, does he ever call out aloud across these fields for the comfort of hearing a human echo in reply? Are his oxen very dear to him, because they are the only living companions of his solitude? Has he discovered "hoo" in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and tongues in the passing breezes? Has he come out here maybe to forget; to begin over again? Has he a treasure house of memories to keep him pleasant company? All these questions I ask myself, but get no answer. The man who fares forth into a far country know how to keep his own counsel.

Later, the Same Evening
I like the prairies best at twilight. I love the stillness of them. I like

to come across quite, little spooky sloughs with vagrant groups of ducks upon them, to see queer, fat, raven-like birds perched along the fence-posts, giving out weird calls to their mates, to glimpse a wee lone shack with a human shadow at the window. To see the great nurse, Night, putting all her children to bed.

Daytime was made for companionship, but I can do very well with a book and thoughts for company when the curtains of dusk close out the too, too great surrounding emptiness. Every man who has ever made a book, of any account whatsoever, has left a bit of himself behind with whom the "gentle reader" can hold intimate converse.

I have just finished reading a poem on Emily Bronte, and was struck by the thought how much more really this gifted girl lives for most of us than the people we meet day in and day out on the streets. Her home life, her work, her tragic history. Are they not familiar ground to every lover of books? So that a well-stored mind need never lack companionship, and ever here, on the outer edge of things, it is possible to be very happy and contented.

Life on a farm or homestead, as life in a city, is very much what persons themselves make it. I spent last Sunday on a farm, out in the beautiful Agri-cola country, and found my friend's pleasant bungalow little different from the homes I have been accustomed to in the city.

There were the same tasteful arrangements of books and pictures, the same cosy easy chairs, a piano, flowers about, a daintily-set, and daintily served, dinner. All the hallmarks of a man of taste and refinement. Out of windows, the prospect was more glorious, and out of doors there was more elbow room, but that was all, saving perhaps, that my host was better pleased with himself, and more contented than are the majority of townsmen.

This is, of course, country life under ideal conditions. But now I'm wondering why more farmers don't strive a little harder, to make their homes a little more after this pattern. In the early spring my friend is building a wide verandah, then he will see a lawn. In time the place will be a little paradise.

Most farm-houses, even the homes of wealthy farmers, have none of these features. The living-rooms are bare: there is no attempt at wall decoration. There are no little attractive nick-nacks about, no carefully laid-down books, no comfy chairs to beckon a welcome. Nothing that can be done without is introduced. The curtains at the windows reflect the dreariness of the bleak indoors. This is not because the farmer can't afford a verandah for his wife and children, but because he looks upon his home as a bare necessity. All his interests lie out of doors, in the fields, in his barns, in his live stock.

While this may be all very well from his point of view, he forgets that his wife and children have their rights, and that in proportion as they are happy, and satisfied, will be their contribution to the general spirit and life of the farm.

Every cent my friend has expended on his home, he says, he is getting back in comfort and happiness—and I am morally certain that if other farmers adopted his methods, they and their families would find life better worth the living.

Who does the following letter remind you of, in Edmonton? A year's subscription to the Saturday News for the first eight months.

A water consumer in Los Angeles, California, whose supply had been turned off because he wouldn't pay, wrote to the department as follows:

"In the matter of shutting off the water on unpaid bills, your company is fast becoming a regular crystallized Russian bureaucracy, running in a groove and deaf to the appeals of reform. There is no use of your trying to impugn the veracity of this indictment by shaking your official heads in the teeth of your own deeds."

"If you will persist in this kind of thing, a widespread conflagration of the populace will be so imminent that it will require only a spark to let loose the dogs of war in our midst. Will you persist in hurling the corner stones of our personal liberty to your wolfish hounds of collectors, thirsting for its blood? If you persist, the first thing you know you will have the chariot of a justly indignant revolution rolling along in our midst and gnashing its teeth at its rolls."

My dear Sir, I have been sitting here just five minutes and she has not returned. The nice white paper, full ink pot, and my particular fancy in steel pens ornament her desk. I can restrain myself no longer; a darling little thought that stole into my mind on a temptation when I first dropped into Peggy's chair is slowly crystallizing into a resolution—I shall do it! With one of these nice new pens I shall do the Mirror myself this week! May the literary muse—and the type-setter—grant that I may not do for it!

May I begin by making a protest on behalf of the babies against the wanton way in which mothers and nurses are apparently doing all in their power to ruin the eyes of the helpless little ones committed to their care. Sunny Alberta merits her title. Few and far between are the days without sunshine in this happy land.

A few minutes ago I slipped into The Mirror sanctum to address a few remarks to Peggy—Lo! Peggy was gone, and the editorial chair held its arms open so invitingly that I could not forbear slipping into it.

(Continued on page four)



THE FIREMAN EARL.

Augustus Arthur Percival, eighth Earl of Egmont, died lately. Lord Egmont was the king of the backwoodsman peers, though he never troubled to claim the title. Noble birth, was indeed, but he was a matter of small concern to him. He was over forty when he was unexpectedly called to the throne by the death of his cousin, and by that time his habits were fixed. The life of "Gussy Percival" was very much like that of the scions of old French nobility described in "Trilby," and as little as possible, like that of the English Peer. It is full of stories of wild deeds, but of no dishonourable ones.

The earl had no notion that he ever would be an earl. Born in New Zealand, the son of an army lieutenant, his direct descent carried him as far back as to the second earl. He was educated as a cadet. He got his second mate's certificate, but he preferred to go before the mast, and as a common seaman he worked his way across the ocean.

He became tired of the sea, and in 1881, at the age of twenty-five, he joined the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, in London, England. He was not a model fireman, and he had not the luck to pick up any of the conspicuous gallantry, but when, after five years of work, he left the brigade, Sir Eyre Massey (now Lord Massey) reported that his conduct had been "on the whole satisfactory."

He was known to the firemen as "Gussy," and they recall with appreciation how free-handed he was with the "Wainwright Baby" from his noble relatives.

His next post was as an office-keeper to the Chelsea Vestry Hall, which, like its keeper, was general-keeping women who to the date were charmed by his genial politeness; the young men were never happier than when he accompanied them to the neighbouring bar. Not a word was said to either about the earldom of Egmont, "Gussy," in fact scarcely suspected that it would ever be his. He was just "one of the boys." When he had money he spent it right and left. When he had some friends were welcome to spend theirs.

One day there was a noisy Liberal meeting in the hall. The keeper put an end to the disputations by turning the fire hose on the audience. He was summoned at the police court, and the charge was dismissed, but he sent a bill for that amount to the vestry. The vestry refused to pay, so they lost their noble doorkeeper.

But he came out in style. By a happy fluke he came into a legacy of £50,000, and he invited all the slum-folk of the neighbourhood to join him in a feast. The rest of the money he invested in a cement works. He lost it, and went abroad again as a "remittance man."

In 1897 the seventh Earl of Egmont died, and the wanderer returned to England as the eighth Earl of Egmont, Baron Lovel and Holland of Britain, a baronet, patron of eight livings, lord of many acres, and recognized descendant of that Ancestral de Percival who came to England as a gentleman-at-arms to William the Conqueror.

The new earl was not overwhelmed. He displayed a determination to claim, if not maintain, the dignities of his order. One night, eight years ago, there was a lively affair in Piccadilly, and the earl had the misfortune to be summoned to Marlborough Street Police Court. The formal report of the proceedings cannot be improved upon.

"Lord Egmont: Your worship, may I ask your permission to wear my hat, as I am suffering from a severe cold?"

"Mr. Kennedy: Oh, certainly."

"Lord Egmont: As a Peer of the Realm I am entitled to do so."

"His lordship then put his hat on. He was fined £5, and an order for £1 pay the doctor's fee, 7s. 6d."

Since then Lord Egmont has been strangely out of the limelight, but there is reason to believe that his vivid joy in life never waned. He succeeded to a house in St. James's Place, which he sold for \$200,000.

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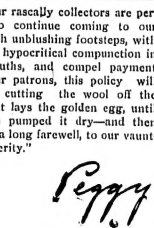
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A few minutes ago I slipped into The Mirror sanctum to address a few remarks to Peggy—Lo! Peggy was gone, and the editorial chair held its arms open so invitingly that I could not forbear slipping into it.

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FRIDAY AND SATURDAY OF THIS WEEK

THE LONG TRAIL

An intensely dramatic story of the Land of the Midnight Sun

AMERICANS IN ENGLAND

In much the same spirit as the Egyptians study the Nile and rejoice when the Nileometer promises a generous overflow do English hotel and boarding-house keepers watch the early indications of the yearly American invasion. This season the signs are good; the flood of visitors has begun early and promises to steadily increase.

Two new tendencies are said to be showing themselves, the one satisfactory to the would-be harvest reapers, the other disappointing. It is noted, says a London correspondent, that an increasing tendency to take the family along marks the American arrivals of 1910, and this in many cases means taking maids, tutors, and valets. The other tendency of this season is said to be a marked inclination to economy.

Champagne is not being ordered as freely as in the past years, whiskey and soda or the lighter and cheaper wines being preferred. Costly flowers for buttonholes, such as orchids, are not so often bought, nor is there strong demand for early peaches at fifty cents each and out-of-season fruits.

Otherwise the invasion, so profitable to the country, runs on the old lines. There is no stint of money for actual travel or sight-seeing. Automobiles and taxicabs are hired with remarkable freedom. The theatres, as usual, do not benefit very greatly, except those that offer musical comedy.

Riding on top of busses remains a favorite amusement, if possible with a seat near the driver, so as to ask him who lives in all the houses; but motor busses have spoiled this entertainment, for it is impossible to talk on a motor bus, and the driver is a secluded and busy individual, who probably would not prefer to know the house owners of Piccadilly, even were it possible to ask him.



The SUPREME COURT of ALBERTA

Sittings of the Supreme Court of Alberta, en banc and for the trial of Cases, Civil and Criminal, and for the hearing of motions and other civil business will be held at the following times and places, when the date set for the opening of a court or sitting is a holiday such Court or sitting shall be commenced on the day following such holiday.

Sittings of the Supreme Court en banc:

EDMONTON—Third Tuesday in September and March.

CALGARY—First Tuesday in September and March.

For Trial on Civil Non-Jury Causes:

EDMONTON and CALGARY—First Tuesday each in October, November, February, March, April, and May, and Third Tuesday in June.

For Trial of Criminal and Civil Jury Causes:

EDMONTON and CALGARY—Third Tuesday in October, February and May.

For Trial of all Civil and Criminal Causes:

WETASKIWIN—First Tuesday in October and April.

RED DEER—Second Tuesday in November and April.

MIDGILNE HAT—Second Tuesday in October and April.

MACLEOD—Fourth Tuesday in November and April.

LETHBRIDGE—Fourth Tuesday in October and April.

A. Y. BLAIN, Acting Deputy Attorney General.

Dated at Edmonton, Alberta, this second day of August, 1910.

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The Mirror

(Continued from Page Three.)

As a rule the golden beams pour down without stint, penetrating, blazing, and blinding; and all the day long up and down Jasper Avenue is trampled a pathetic little procession of babies, with the sun's rays streaming straight into their tender unprotected little eyes. Most of the hapless infants wear close caps, and the majority of them are pushed along in that invention of the evil one, a low springless go-cart, so that their spines are being jarred and injured at the same time that their sight is being weakened. Even the babies in the larger perambulators fare no better as to the eyes, for the most part, as the average infant guardian appears to regard the hood or parasol which completes her charge's vehicle as an ornamental appendage between which and the comfort of the child there is no relation whatever. While walking one block on Jasper Avenue recently I passed eight babies being driven straight into the unveiled glare of the afternoon sun. Those who were old enough had twisted little eyes in an effort to turn their faces away from the direct rays, while the women who pushed them smiled along, gazing here and yonder, their minds apparently on every object in the street except the wretched little tot for whose comfort they were responsible. I spoke to most of them, gently suggesting that the sun was shining into their babies' eyes, and in a tone calculated to arouse them that of course it was natural that they had not seen for themselves so obvious a fact. Some of them appeared surprised at the phenomenon, and forthwith made that use of parasol or hood intended by the manufacturer; some were angry at my officiousness, and one said that she guessed it was uncomfortable for the baby, but the hood was broken and would not work. I have passed her almost every day since and the baby still screws up its eyes and looks at little eyes. It would be better economy to mend the hood now than to have to pay oculist's and optician's fees hereafter.

Of course, none of the readers of The Mirror are the criminal cause of their children's comfort, but won't you again caution your nursemaids to be a little more careful in the matter of women to consider the eyes of their little ones? And if you think this is all nonsense, just throw your head back and gaze into the sun yourself for a minute or two and see how you like it.

One has recently remarked that a woman's club is a weapon with which to kill time. This moody misogynist cannot surely have heard of the latest club to be started by the energetic ladies of Columbia, the "Pride of the Ocean." It is called The Don't-Get-Tired Club—doesn't that sound inviting? And it really seems to be an eminently practical and judicious institution. The members pledge themselves to eat reasonably and to drink moderately, to be punctually and within certain time limits; they are not to race from shop to shop in quest of bargains; they are not to set out on a shopping tour without a definite idea of what they want; nor are they to be unnecessarily late, and necessarily drives them out in a hurry some days; and lastly, they are never to be indiscreetly and indiscreetly about the shop windows in cold or wet weather—would it not have been better to have left the never unequalled? By faithfully following the rules of the new club, the ardent members expect to procure a wondrous renewal of youth, and beauty, to prolong their days in the land, and to add incalculably to the happiness, comfort and good temper of themselves and their families.

The thought comes that they might still further enlarge the sphere and influence of their organization by making it also the Don't-Tire-Others Club, and pledging themselves to acquaint themselves with the hours which their friends like to keep sacred to housework and restful recuperation before dropping in upon them for long purposeless calls, ringing bells and for unnecessary telephone conversations, and to keep all their appointments on time. But the last club would be too much for such a mortal woman to keep; we each of us have such very special and absolutely pardonable reasons (not excuses, never) for being late nine out of ten of our engagements that no one could expect us to subscribe to such a ridiculous rule. For myself, I would not consider it to join the club at all, and shall ensure my own restfulness and happiness and let my friends look out for their own tired feelings. Have you any now?—ELEANOR WOOD

LOGICAL

"Paw, it's all right to go to see the

"No, Bobby; it would be unlawful. It portrays a deed that would constitute a crime in Illinois."—Chicago Tribune.

TRAVELED WITH KING ALFONSO

EXPERIENCE OF TOURISTS WHO WERE ON THE SAME

TRAIN AND RACED HIS MAJESTY FOR DINNER.

How two Americans managed to travel on the same train with King Alfonso is told by Robert Howard Russell in Harper's.

"We were informed," says he, "that no one would be allowed to board the train, as all the accommodations had been reserved for the night by King Alfonso, who was returning from San Sebastian from Madrid, where he had been called from his summer home by the Barcelona riots.

"This was a severe blow, as even in Spain when you have set out until 3 o'clock in the morning to catch a train you do not like to miss it. We held a conference, and decided to resort to strategy. Our baggage consisted of two hand bags, two caneras, and two wineskins and quietly under the cover of the darkness we removed it to the extreme end of the station in the shadow of a small switch house, near which we hoped the last car of the train might come to a stop.

"We were right in our conjectures, and the rear of the last car pulled up directly in front of us; but here we encountered a fresh difficulty in the watchful French guard, who told us that it was absolutely impossible that he should allow us to board the train reserved for the King, and the train Queen Victoria, the Queen-Mother, Prime Minister Maura, a large military guard of officers and household troops, as well as detectives and personal body guards of the King.

"We had short time for argument, so we waited little of it in further conversation, but kept slipping large Spanish silver dollars into the hands of the guard at a rate that must have convinced him that he had discovered two peripatetic mints, he still protested, however, that it was absolutely impossible for us to board the train. But finally the flood of silver dollars proved irresistible, and he whispered to us excitedly that the door of the side furthest away from the station would not be too securely fastened when the train started.

"If we should take advantage of that fact it would be entirely without his knowledge and consent, nor was he to be held responsible for any unpleasant consequences that might befall us, for we were sure to be examined by the detectives, as the road from Madrid to San Sebastian had been guarded by stationed soldiers every hundred yards along the track. It was feared that an attempt might be made to blow up the train by the Barcelona Anarchists.

"However, after our weary vigil we were afraid of nothing so much as seeing the train go off without us, so just as the whistle blew we pushed the rear door quietly back, shoved our baggage into the vestibule, and unostentatiously sat down on it to await results. We did not have long to wait. In five minutes the train was under way, two detectives stood before us excitedly questioning the guard in Spanish as to our presence there.

"At this time a revolver that I had pulled out of my pocket was a protest against the childlike and genial legends of the Portuguese and Spanish mountains commenced to assume proportions of a Gazing gun, and I had a subconscious feeling that

Familiarity with his father's adventures in search of the south pole has apparently bred contempt in the mind of Lieutenant Shackleton's small son. He was not long ago asking his mother for "a story with danger in it."

"I don't want to hear anything more about papa," he said. "Tell me about the baby that was drowned in his bath."

There's just one question burning now in many anxious hearts: It does not deal with politics Or any foolish arts.

We scan the press with eagerness And at the weather stop; How is it in the Colon West? Do tell us of the crop.

Canadian Courier.

"Was your chauffeur guilty in this accident?" asked the judge, of the man whose car had injured a foot-traveller.

"He was not, your honor," replied the defendant, vehemently. "The man was run over in entire compliance with the ordinance."

Tommy (who has brought a bucket into the drawing room)—"Aunt Maria, kick this bucket."

Aunt Maria—Why on earth should I do that?

Tommy—Oh, just to please pa. He said he'd give ten pounds any day if you kick the bucket.—Scottish American.

from a rear view I must resemble a small donkey transporting a mountain lion over his back. Cautiously I stepped from my pocket to the inside of my trouser leg.

"All this time an antiseptic and some what heated discussion was being carried on by the two detectives and the guard, and the question seemed to be as to whether it would not disturb the King more to stop the train and put us off than to keep us under guard until the morning. Finally the latter course was decided upon. Two mattresses were placed in the corridor of the carriage, our bags and cameras were sequestered out of our reach in the vestibule, and we lay down peacefully to sleep, with a detective with a revolver seated at each end of the corridor to guard our slumber.

"A little after 6 o'clock in the morning we had to get up to clear the passageway, and we arose not particularly refreshed, but pleased that we were now in a fair way to reach our destination. It had evidently been decided by this time that we did not contemplate any attempt upon the life of the King, as our guard was withdrawn, and we were given a comfortable apartment in which to enjoy the remainder of our journey.

"The French guard now resumed friendly relations with us, and told us that a restaurant car would be attached to the train at Zumarraga at about half-past eight. As we were coming into the station we saw the car on a siding some quarter of a mile away, and before we could get to the door and swing off the still moving train to make a run across the tracks for it a thin figure in tweed suit and a green Tyrolean hat slipped off the car ahead of us and made for the restaurant car with agility and despatch. We were not far behind, however, and as he turned to look over his shoulder at the line of fat and puffing little generals behind us we recognized the King.

"Here might have arisen cause for alarm in the minds of the detectives, for fleetly as the King sped we kept in desperate pursuit, as though our lives depended on overtaking him before he could reach the sanctuary of the restaurant car. The detectives followed yelling and making wild and violent gestures.

"However, the King got to the car first, and secured the first table; but we ran a good second, coming in a hundred yards ahead of the struggling line of anxious officials. The King greeted us pleasantly, said 'Good morning,' and was soon joined by his Prime Minister and they engaged during the breakfast in a serious discussion of the Barcelona riots and the latest despatches from the war in Morocco.

"When we arrived at San Sebastian the King was the first to leave his car and while waiting for the Queen he shook hands with those of us on the train who had alighted to see him off, and then with the Queen and the Queen-Mother. He was welcomed by a great crowd of the inhabitants of San Sebastian, who had come down to greet his arrival and to assure him by their enthusiasm that they had no sympathy with the uprising in another part of his kingdom."

"That stock you want to sell me is worthless."

"It's been worth a lot of money," he replied the honest promoter, Philadelphia Ledger.

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